THE New Republic

The Secret of Soviet Success in India

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Candidate Kefauver

His Personality, Problems and Prospects

By MICHAEL STRAIGHT

Arthur Miller's Unproduced Film

By WALTER GOODMAN

The Legacy of Kierkegaard

By E. M. FLEISSNER

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Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

The loudspeaker blares carols on the street corner from a cracked and gritty phonograph record. Elderly men in red clothes and white beards tinkle bells. Housewives with glazed eyes raven into the city like wolf packs. Children prance, stores totter, colored lights twinkle, post office deliveries go haywire, men go desperate over what to give Aunt Zilpha, and this column fills up with Christmas spirit. For the life of us, we can't attack anybody, so let's string together some of the idle anecdotes politicians endlessly tell each other, and hang the baubles on the peaceful tree.

* * *

Democrats tell this one about the problems of Ezra Benson. A farmer sent his new hired hand to hitch up the team of mules while the farmer enjoyed a second cup of breakfast coffee. "Mind you," the farmer told the boy, "they are intelligent mules and will listen to anything you say." An hour later the farmer found the boy still struggling to harness the mules. The farmer picked up a 2 x 4, swatted each animal over the buttocks, then slipped the harness on easily.

"I thought you said they would listen to anything I said," the boy asked lamely. "So I did," the farmer answered, "but first you have to get their attention."

* * *

Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams tells this story of Coolidge. A returned missionary was dining at the modest home at Northampton before lecturing at the Congregational Church. "Grace" had produced a delicious dinner and was provoked that the visitor spurned it —explaining that a full meal would spoil his delivery. She was so irritated that she stayed home, and asked her husband with interest later on how it had gone. "He might's well have et," observed Cal.

Sherman Adams has a wintry personality something like Coolidge's. At a White House dinner a table companion had some difficulty starting a conversation but at length was inspired to inquire about his son. "Sam is at Dartmouth," Adams replied. "He is doing well scholastically and plays hockey." This was just the opening the woman had hoped for. "Tell me all about him!" she cried. "I just did," was Adams' unnerving reply.

* * *

Dean Acheson tells this story of Harry Emerson Fosdick. While still a young preacher Fosdick was called down by the maid to deal with a stranger who had got into the hallway and was obviously drunk. The stranger wanted to go over the inner meaning of an abstruse passage of the Bible. After some exchanges Fosdick finally said, as tactfully as he could, "My dear man, you are obviously in an intoxicated condition. Come back when you're sober, and I shall be glad to discuss the Bible." "Thash just trouble," hiccoughed the stranger, "when I'm sober I'm not intreshted in Bible."

* * *

The British Ambassador, Sir Roger Makins, recalls how his old chief, cockney Ernest Bevin, was told that a particular political opponent was "his own worst enemy." Bevin bristled. "Naught while I'm alive 'e ain't!" he muttered.

* * *

An American financier went to a Saville Street tailor in London and said he wanted an outfit exactly like a British banker of like position. At the fitting he put on his striped pants, dark jacket and fawn-colored vest. As he looked into the cheval glass the tailor added a bowler hat to his head and thrust a tight-reefed Guards' umbrella into his hand. "Well, sir?" asked the tailor anxiously. "Now those bloody Americans are trying to take Cyprus away from us!" exclaimed his customer.

* * *

Oil-rich Texans are targets for Washington humor. On Halloween a tycoon in Houston drove home followed by a sleek line of new Cadillacs and, on entering the house, dumped a basket of diamonds on the table. "To think," exclaimed his surprised wife, "that you remembered my birthday!" "Nonsense!" growled her husband. "Have you forgotten this is trick-or-treat night?" . . . And then there were the two depletion-allowance Texans who went to an automobile showroom where one decided to buy a Lincoln Continental. This occasioned a friendly dispute. "Let me pay for it, Joe!" begged his friend. "I really can't," said Joe, "you paid for the lunch."

* * *

Diners eating at a Capital cafeteria (according to the story) were perplexed to find two vegetarian platters offered—one 75 cents, the other 90 cents. "The 90-cent one doesn't have spinach," explained the attendant. And in the same vein of derogation by indirection comes this tale from California. A Los Angeles newspaper proposed as first prize for a TV show contest a week in the rival city of San Francisco. Second prize, it purred, would be a two-week stay.

* * *

And then, here is how Adlai Stevenson was reminded recently of the difference between Republican acts and words. It seems that a young man whose father had been hanged faced constant embarrassment in dealing with the matter. Finally he solved it by the following formula: "My late and lamented parent died in consequence of injuries suffered when the floor of a platform gave way at a public ceremony in which he was taking a prominent part."

* * *

A good deal of discussion has gone on in Washington as to whether Ike really called Averell Harriman "a Park Avenue Truman." The consensus seems to be that he did not because 1) Ike doesn't call names; 2) he would never have thought of this nifty anyway, and 3) he has too much respect for Park Avenue.

* * *

Preparing jokes, incidentally, is one of the most serious occupations of a Washington public figure. Politicians normally acquire a repertory of gags to fit any occasion for a lifetime.

For example, House Minority Leader Joe Martin is protected against a surprise call at a banquet by a long-familiar gambit. He rises, ruffles his napkin, and unexpectedly remembers that in Paris there is a statue of a whale swallowing Jonah. And this recalls the observation of Chauncy Depew of the same statue; "That's one time there weren't any after-dinner speakers."

That's enough for this holiday.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

The New Competition with the Soviets

WHEN Secretary of State John Foster Dulles told the Paris press in mid-December that Soviet-free world competition was moving into the economic phase, he anticipated the series of events which have occurred since:

Completion of a Soviet-Burmese $50 million barter deal, swapping rice for manufactures.

A Soviet-India $110 million barter deal, exchanging a million tons of Soviet steel for Indian goods.

A Soviet $100 million line of credit to Afghanistan for such things as power plants, irrigation, and a new airport at the Afghan capital of Kabul, to be repaid in Afghan goods.

The US-British-World Bank offer to Egypt to start work on the Aswan high dam on the upper Nile which would ultimately cost $1.3 billion. The Soviet Union immediately renewed its offer to Egypt to share in the same project.

The erupting conflict in the Eisenhower Administration over the amount of foreign aid to request from Congress for 1956-57, was followed by the resignation of Nelson Rockefeller, the President's assistant for psychological strategy and a leading advocate of larger foreign aid programs.

The details of the controversy over foreign aid are not yet available but the background can be told.

When Harold Stassen turned over the foreign aid program last July to the new aid administrator, John B. Hollister, the staff prepared two budgets for economic aid for 1956-57, a high of $1.9 billion and a low of $1.5 billion. The appropriation for economic aid in the current year was $1.6 billion.

At the same time an even wider difference of opinion developed in the Pentagon over military aid for 1956-57. The low estimate was below $1 billion. The high was well over $3 billion. The appropriation for the current year was $1.1 billion after Congress cut the President's request more than 40 percent. All summer and fall this range of foreign aid figures has been under debate by the two agencies, by the Bureau of the Budget, by the State Department Planning Staff, and by the Cabinet and the National Security Council.

Before the NSC meeting of December 9, Nelson Rockefeller went to Gettysburg to plead with the President for greater foreign aid. Secretary Dulles had already told his press conference the previous week that "I do not think there are any developments which require us to alter the general magnitude of our [aid] programs." No announcement was made after the NSC meeting.

But when the President briefed Democratic leaders on December 13, they received the impression that foreign aid would continue at approximately the present level of $2.7 billion. Yet four days later an unnamed government official told the AP, UP, and the *New York Times* that the foreign aid request would be nearly doubled — in other words, that the President had reversed Mr. Dulles and was backing those who sought a substantially higher foreign aid appropriation.

Two days later the President announced he had accepted Nelson Rockefeller's resignation. The final aid figures will not be firm until the President sends his budget message to Congress in January, but it is quite possible that bookkeeping methods will offer a means of compromise.

The pipeline of foreign aid, it should be noted, is running from one to three years behind: that is, money appropriated next spring will not be spent until calendar years 1957-59. Only the ultimate disbursement of monies will affect the budget balance of the US Government. Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey is, therefore, much more concerned with the actual expenditures during the coming year, and has arranged through the Bureau of the Budget to impose "targets," or tentative limitations, on cash expenditures, regardless of the amount Congress may have appropriated.

Of the reported Soviet offers of economic aid during the recent Asian visit of Russian leaders, the Afghan line of credit is perhaps the most extraordinary. The US Government has loaned Afghanistan $39 million since World War II, and believed loans of this magnitude would tax the capacity of the Afghan Government to earn foreign exchange of its servicing. (Her chief income is from the export of karakul or Persian lamb skins.) The Russian offer of a $100-million loan could only have been advanced on a political basis with little concern for repayment, or conversely, a belief that very little of the line of credit could be drawn down on a barter basis.

More than 50 American technicians are now working in Afghanistan under the American aid program. Nearly half of these are employees of the Columbia University School of Education, which has several education programs in this mountainous Central Asia kingdom. A group of American government engineers and scientists is helping on the $39 million Helmand Valley irrigation project, which was consciously patterned after the American TVA.

It is not yet known how any of these activities will be affected by the Russian offer to supply Russian technicians, Russian training fellowships and Russian capital equipment. Afghanistan has agreed to send an arms mission to inspect Czechoslovakian arms, presumably on a shopping trip. Russian leaders verbally backed up Afghan leaders in their controversy with Pakistan over a proposed tribal state of Pushtoonistan, which would straddle the present Afghan-Pakistan border.

The Russian offer to ship a million tons of steel to India on a barter deal over the next five years fits neatly into the Indian second 5-year plan. India has contracted to buy American, British and German steel mills during the next five years, and is discussing a Russian mill, but none of these will operate in time to relieve the shortage of steel in India during the second 5-year plan. India has been receiving American steel under the

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aid program, but the American price is more than 20 percent higher than the world price. India would therefore prefer to obtain steel in other markets, and use its American aid funds for goods which only Americans can supply. The Russian offer of steel fills this need.

The US-British-World Bank offer to Egypt on the Aswan Dam is the culmination of four years of discussion which made real progress only after the Russians offered to build the dam for Egypt about 60 days ago. If such a project were actually carried out by the Soviets, its political effect would be incalculable, for Aswan means far more to Egypt than TVA and the Columbia River Valley combined. Aswan would triple the irrigated land in a parched desert country, and would more than double the Egyptian power supply for a growing industrialization. American negotiators made their offer to help Egypt out of present foreign aid funds, but much of the cost would probably be submitted to Congress later. The next step is up to the Egyptians, who now have offers from both sides.

The Egyptian negotiations developed an important new pattern in foreign aid. Both Britain and the US offered to make grants to Egypt which would be administered by the World Bank in connection with its loan funds. If such a pattern were to become general, it would greatly enhance the role of the UN and its banking institution in world economic development.

Trial Run for Herter

THE LATEST maneuverings of Republican kingmakers over their 1956 Presidential candidate indicates fresh confidence that Eisenhower will run again.

Henry Luce, owner of *Time* and ardent Eisenhower supporter, has informed close associates he is convinced the President will run again. He intimated this belief is based upon someone's talk with Eisenhower.

Chief *New York Times* correspondent James Reston in Washington reported December 18 that "well-informed opinion in the capital is gradually changing to the view that President Eisenhower will seek another term." Reston cites the comments of Republican National Committee leaders and cabinet members who had met with the President.

The political reporter of *The Washington Star*, Gould Lincoln, a writer trusted by Republican leaders for several decades, wrote on December 17 that the President had been made fully aware of the situation that would confront other Republican candidates if he maintained silence on his political plans until mid-February. "The myth that no one has talked personal politics with the President has been exploded," Lincoln wrote. But the President has not urged other Republicans to enter the race, or even made it easy for them.

Despite this growing confidence, members of the "Regency" know they cannot be absolutely sure of the President's decision. And this is where the fluidity of ideas begins. Some close associates of the President are content to retreat if need be to Chief Justice Warren and Vice President Nixon in that order. But there is another school of thought which holds that Warren is certainly unavailable and Nixon won't do. This school has now decided to give Massachusetts Governor Christian Herter a trial buildup.

Herter leaves in late December on a month-long cross-country speaking tour. White House scouts lined up the speaking dates. Herter has been given help on the content of his speeches. It is up to Herter now.

If the reception he receives is good, those who are backing this trial run expect to start the Madison Avenue buildup to prepare the governor as a possible standin for Eisenhower.

Herter is 60, a notable administrator, and a man with 22 years legislative experience in Massachusetts and the US House of Representatives (1943-53). In 1947 he received *Collier's* award as the nation's top congressman. He appeals to Eisenhower internationalists because of his outstanding service on the House Foreign Affairs Committee during the war, and his leadership of a select congressional committee which recommended the Marshall Plan. Herter also has important connections with the Republican right wing, including service with Herbert Hoover in European relief and as Hoover's personal assistant while the former President was Secretary of Commerce.

Herter has been bothered by arthritis in the past, but close friends report this has cleared up and that health would be no bar to his candidacy. They also report that Herter's regard for Richard M. Nixon is so low that he would gladly be a candidate to head off a Nixon nomination. Herter's distaste for Nixon began when they sat together for four years on the House Foreign Affairs Committee and was increased by the reports of his son who accompanied Nixon around the world in 1953.

Governor Herter was born in Paris, of American parents. This raises an academic question whether he meets the constitutional requirement that the president be "a natural born citizen." There has never been a court interpretation of the phrase, but most constitutional lawyers hold him eligible.

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The UN Assembly: No Longer Controlled

In January, 1953, when young Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. took over from the aging Senator Warren Austin as US spokesman at the United Nations, the Assembly had just recorded a 53-5 vote in favor of the US in the struggle to prevent the forcible repatriation of Korean prisoners of war.

Three years later the Assembly which has just concluded has left a shrunken image of US strength and prestige. Typically, a 52-nation caucus was held toward its end at the invitation of India, Canada and Ecuador to work out some solution to permit 18 nations to join the UN. The angry protest of Mr. Lodge who condemned this "star chamber" proceeding could not conceal the unwelcome fact—in December, 1955, it was the United States that was left out.

For three years Lodge and Secretary Dulles condemned as "immoral" and "unthinkable" any "package" to the admission of new members to the UN. It was a position that could not endure. Last summer the pressure mounted from the Bandung powers to admit eight nations of their number. Five Catholic countries: Spain, Ireland, Portugal, Italy and Austria gained new support; Japan's admission seemed more urgent than ever. When the Canadian Government began to assemble a new package deal, it sought first to determine the US attitude: it discovered that in private a shift had taken place. From then on it was up to Dulles and Lodge to make the most of their shift for the US and its allies. This they failed to do. They feared Senator Knowland who denounced the package on the night before the UN debate took place. They remembered what the Republicans did to the Democrats on the admission of Byelorussia and the Ukraine in prior political campaigns. They felt bound to support in public the Chinese Nationalists who were determined to thwart the UN majority by use of the veto. And so Soviet Russia picked up the major share of the credit for admitting the 16 new members, and gained a new foothold in Japan whose admission she delayed.

Beyond the admission of new members the Assembly just concluded will be remembered for the failure of US leadership on many issues. On human rights, for example, the US delegation either did not participate at all, as in the drafting of the Covenants on Human Rights, or it spoke guardedly as on the question of South Africa's treatment of persons of Indian origin, or negatively, as on South Africa's racial policies. On economic aid it had little to offer. On colonial issues it sided with the colonial bloc to keep Cyprus and Algeria off the agenda, and with anti-colonial nations to consider Morocco and West Irian. It stuck with an ally, the Philippines, in the unprecedented wrangle over one Security seat, gaining little support in Asia, and losing support in Europe. On disarmament the US delegation hailed the endorsement by the UN of President Eisenhower's "open sky" policy as a brilliant victory. Others disagreed.

There is a real possibility the next Assembly, now 76 nations strong, may seize the leadership on many issues and propose solutions which the Big Four will find it difficult to ignore. The nightmare of a runaway Assembly has long haunted the colonial powers as well as Soviet Russia. For that reason they always had reservations about the Acheson Uniting-for-Peace resolution with its emphasis on the Assembly at the expense of the Security Council. An ironical development during the membership discussion was US insistence that while the Assembly could recommend, primary responsibility was in the Council which could not be bound by such recommendations. This was sound doctrine but a little startling coming from the US.

In the closing days of the membership affair, the French, with British support, tried to do a little trading. In return for support of the package deal they sought commitments from the various blocs for a change in Assembly rules which would make it necessary to obtain a two-thirds vote to place items on future Assembly agendas. They were thinking of Algeria and Cyprus, and also of the new issues the new members may bring in—Gibraltar, Irish unification, Spanish Morocco and Goa.

The French move bogged down, but the problems of the unmanageability of the Assembly remain. In the past the US together with the Latin Americans could stop any Assembly action they did not like. But with the entry of the 16, the Latin Americans no longer constitute one-third of the Assembly and consequently have lost their veto power over Assembly resolutions. Conversely, with the Soviet bloc numbering nine and the Bandung group 22, it will be difficult for the West to muster the two-thirds needed to adopt important resolutions.

The inevitable result will be to send the great powers scurrying back to the more manageable precincts of the Security Council. The Council is bound to regain some of its old importance; there is certain to be more emphasis on the UN as an instrument of negotiation and conciliation rather than collective action. At the same time the great powers will try to cut the Assembly down to size, and so we shall undoubtedly hear many orations extolling the Assembly as the "town meeting" of the world.

Because of the renewed importance of the Security Council the problem of integrating the 16 new members into the structure of the UN is a complicated one. It is generally agreed the various councils of the UN have to be enlarged, and that Asia is under-represented. But how much representation should be given to Asia, and should India be given a permanent seat? It is only a matter of time before Peking obtains China's seat in the Council. The prospect of a Sino-Soviet-Indian combination on the Council understandably causes many Western diplomats to shudder.

United Nations JOSEPH P. LASH

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The Superficial Aspect

Dulles Didn't Think

As a Protestant Mr. John Foster Dulles presumably reads it, "Peace on earth, good will to men," but if he were a Catholic, reading it "to men of good will" he would still agree with the sentiment of the original Christmas carol. For Mr. Dulles is not a bloodthirsty type, indeed, he is probably as far from it as any American alive. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his wish to advance the cause of universal peace; yet this essentially mild and benevolent character has a facility for stirring up the animals that is almost beyond belief.

Take, for example, his address to the National Association of Manufacturers in Chicago some 10 days ago. He devoted part of it to explaining that his promise of "massive retaliation" did not really mean that it is the policy of this country to return 20 million tits for one tat; so it is clear that the address was not intended for the manufacturers alone, but was a statement of foreign policy directed at the world in general.

Yet Mr. Dulles is quoted as saying a little further along in the same speech, "We need to recapture the spirit which animated our missionaries," and, a moment later, "it would indeed be tragic if our people, and particularly our youth . . . lost the missionary spirit." And again, still in the same speech, "the coming years," said Mr. Dulles, pose a challenge that "will call for a revival of the crusading spirit of our past."

No American, or at least no American trained, as Mr. Dulles was, in a Presbyterian Sunday School, has the least doubt that what he meant was that we should be inspired to self-sacrifice by zeal for a high ideal. But he was not talking to Americans only; he knew, or he should have known, that his words would be heard by Arabs and Hindus, and the Hinayanan Buddhists of Ceylon and the Shintoists of Japan.

Yet the speech seems to assume that the heathen see missionaries in exactly the same light as the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society. Historically, this is not correct. Historically, the attitude of the heathen toward the missionary was that he ought to be hanged—an attitude that in the early days was translated into action with regrettable frequency. It is doubtful whether the more recent abandonment of the noose resulted from increased respect for the missionary, or respect for the gunboats that quickly followed him. It is definitely bad statecraft to hang a man with five-inch guns behind him.

Mr. Dulles' "call for a revival of the crusading spirit of our past" may mean to us a revival of St. Louis' reverence for the Holy Sepulchre; but to the Arabs it may just as easily mean a revival of the spirit of St. Louis' remark to Joinville: "A layman, when he hears the Christian law missaid, should not defend the Christian law, unless it be with his sword, and with that he should pierce the missayer in the midriff, so far as the sword will enter."

No doubt it is lamentable that the heathen in his blindness bowed down to wood and stone, but it is a fact that he did so, and it is a fact that he has not apologized for doing so. Therefore a statesman engaged in cultivating the friendship of the heathen should ever bear in mind the old proverb that when one visits the house of a hanged man, one should not talk of rope. The missionary spirit, especially as it was expressed in the Crusades, caused the heathen no end of trouble. They are not soothed by being reminded of Simon de Monfort, any more than Virginians are soothed by being reminded about John Brown of Harpers Ferry.

Of course Mr. Dulles didn't mean it that way; he just didn't think how it would sound. But that has been the gravamen of the offense in all his chief blunders—he just didn't think. He didn't mean his original "massive retaliation" speech, nor his "agonizing reappraisal" in the way our allies took it. In his Indo-China utterance he didn't mean that the whole military power of the United States would be thrown into the defense of French colonialism. When he spoke of Portuguese "provinces" he didn't mean that we intend to fight for Goa.

Now he doesn't mean that we ought to aspire to cram the doctrine of the Trinity—or even the doctrine of universal manhood suffrage—down the heathen throat at the point of the bayonet. But that was the spirit of some, at least, of the Crusaders.

This Administration has been plagued from the beginning by the inability of some of its leading lights to realize that metaphors and allusions perfectly comprehensible to Americans are obscure to foreigners. Perhaps they should study the method of that eminent statesman of the last century, the Hon. Felix Walker, of Asheville, seat of Buncombe County, North Carolina. When half the House walked out on one of his endless harangues he paused and informed the other members that they might as well go, too, because he was only "speaking for Buncombe." If Mr. Dulles would explain equally frankly when he is talking sense and when he is talking bunk, much trouble might be avoided.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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The Secret of Soviet Sucess in India

by G. S. Bhargava

KHRUSHCHEV and Bulganin have gone home, but they left behind in India some extremely valuable baggage—valuable to them. Between landing in New Delhi on November 18 and leaving Calcutta for Rangoon on December 1, the Soviet leaders addressed at least 10 million people directly. In addition, their voice reached millions more through press and radio. Remotest villages were stirred; the most indifferent people were moved, not by any conscious admiration for the Russians but by curiosity which can be the beginning of belief.

Many Indians who heard Khrushchev have by now gone back to their daily routine of eking out a living, unmindful of international affairs. And yet, on at least a couple of million people—at a conservative estimate—the Soviet pronouncements *did* have an effect which could have been anticipated. According to a public opinion poll conducted after the end of hostilities in Indo-China, more than 90 percent of the politically conscious people in Calcutta considered the United States "the most war-mongering nation in the world." Russia came third in the poll with only three percent branding her as an instigator of international tension. Great Britain, formerly the sworn enemy of nationalist India, took second place with no more than four percent regarding her as aggressive in intent. Last in the list thought of as "war-mongering" was China, with only a one percent pointing an accusing finger—this at a time when wounds from battlefields in Korea and Indo-China had not healed and at a time when China was threatening to liberate Formosa by force.

Against this background Western efforts to explain away the Indian ovation for the Soviet leaders are pathetic. The suggestion in an American newspaper, for example, that any Western leader of comparable stature would have been equally well received as Bulganin and Khrushchev is nonsense. Barring Queen Elizabeth, who is not in any way a political personality, the only Western leader of comparable official and personal stature who is widely respected in India is President Eisenhower. But even "Ike" would not evoke such popular enthusiasm as was seen during the Russians' tour.

Is the pro-Soviet and pro-Chinese sentiment apparent in India at this moment the handiwork of the Indian Communists? Not entirely, though they have been sparing no pains to encourage it. Different persons have responded for different reasons—so-called racial affinity with the Chinese and the Russians, ideological agreement with their political and social set-up, prospect of individual betterment by hitching one's wagon to the star of one of the many pro-Soviet movements, or personal venom against Americans caused by some disappointment in office or in business. But essentially the Indian sentiment is politically derived. To understand it, one has to go back to 1948-50, the heyday in Indo-American relations and the era during which the Russians appraised Nehru as "a running dog of imperialism."

In those years Nehru, though he repressed the Indian Communists at home (they were jailed and shot by the dozen), never raised his voice openly against Russia. It was the Socialist Party, then the second party in India, which took upon itself the task of linking the fight against local Communists with the exposure of Soviet Communism.

A year before the 1951 Indian General Election, the Communists shifted from their anti-Nehru position to one of united front of *all* classes against the big bourgeoisie and the foreign imperialists. (*Cominform Journal*, January 27, 1950). On this policy, the Communists entered the '51 election.

THE results were an eye-opener. Where they had earlier unsuccessfully attempted insurrection and suffered heavy casualties when the government retaliated, the Communists scored resounding victories. The Socialists notwithstanding their well-defined election manifesto and a radical program of social change, went down to defeat. It was the Communist whispering campaign of Socialist pro-Americanism, embellished by wild charges of dollar aid to the party, which was the Socialists' undoing. Nehru understood this. He learned two lessons from the elections: one, the Communists were a force to be reckoned with and the police were not the best answer to them; two, that pro-Americanism was a useful political club with which to beat your opposition.

Assured of power for five years, Nehru set out, after the elections, to consolidate. Force having failed to crush the Indian Communists, the only way of dealing

"Maharajah" Bulganin and "Maharajah" Khrushchev

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with them was to undercut their appeal by bold and imaginative economic policies. But Nehru was aware that his Congress Party could not compete in radicalism with the Communists; he therefore hit on the idea of tackling Communism at its source, in Moscow and Peking. He knew that neither the class character of the Indian regime nor its social and economic policies mattered to the Communists. What counted was whether one toed a line favorable to Kremlin foreign policy.

Then followed the current phase in India's foreign policy, according to which she is "less uncommitted" and "less neutral" toward China, as a start. American reaction took the shape of trying to isolate India from her neighbors. At the South Asian Prime Ministers' Conference at Colombo last May it was evident that the US was trying to pit Pakistan and Ceylon, jointly and severally, against India. After veiled threats by several American Senators favoring Pakistan in the Kashmir dispute, there came the US decision to supply arms to Pakistan despite Indian protests. Nehru's reply was a more aggressive wooing of China.

When the US retaliated with the Manila Pact, as Nehru likes to describe the Southeast Asian Treaty Organization, Nehru extended the "peace area" to include Russia; and the Russian leaders' tour of India, coming after several Soviet "gestures" which Nehru had to reciprocate, is proof that India will now be "less uncommitted" toward the USSR.

While in India, Khrushchev lost no opportunity to provoke American opinion to write off India as an ally. And who walked into the trap but John Foster Dulles. His joint communique with the Foreign Minister of Portugal, describing Goa as "a Portuguese province" was in keeping with the policy of retaliation which Dulles has pursued toward all who do not speak his language on Communism.

To some Americans the Dulles Goa statement sounded like paying Khrushchev in his own coin, but nobody in India took it as directed against Russia. In this connection, British and American attitudes provide an excellent contrast. It is an open secret that there is not much difference between the British official view on the Goa dispute and that of Dulles. Yet, when the President of Portugal visited Great Britain and was received with great pageantry, policy-makers in Whitehall never were tempted to publicize their views on the Goa question. Similarly, it is no small tribute to British statesmanship that she is keeping both India and South Africa in the Commonwealth, and that London can appear neutral on the Indian-South African conflict, though racially and politically Britain's sympathies are with the latter.

Meanwhile the Communists, in India and abroad, are counting their blessings, for India today is literally bound by the Communist embrace. The last 12 months have seen innumerable visitors to India from Russia, China and Eastern Europe. Equally numerous delegations, manned by and large by Communists and fellow-travellers, have been having holiday trips to the Red world, coming back to tell their countrymen how the host countries are flowing with milk and honey. Independent-minded persons, included in such delegations to lend them prestige, hesitate to open their mouths for fear of embarrassing Nehru. Or, if they do speak their voice is drowned in denunciations that they are Washington patriots, as happened to Frank Moraes, the versatile editor of *The Times of India,* who was a member of an official delegation to China.

It has been denied even by his staunchest supporters that Nehru means to utilize the Soviet visit to smash the Communists at home and consolidate his own position. Just before the Bulganin visit, Moraes wrote that "he [Nehru] has spiked their [Communist] guns and stolen their thunder," mixing metaphors for the sake of emphasis. Another Nehru fan, Kingsley Martin, wrote in the *New Statesman and Nation:* "Actually the Russians' visit has greatly strengthened Nehru's already dominant position."

What such appraisals overlook is that Soviet and Communist praise of Nehru are, firstly, on account of the present orientation in his foreign policy and, secondly, to ensure that he does not swerve from that path. Witnessing the Bulganin reception in New Delhi on November 18, *The Times of India* reporter realized he had mistaken the victim for victor and sounded an open warning against being taken in by the Soviets' sweet talk. Indian Communists may have been out-maneuvered as far as the next General Election is concerned, but the ruling party can use the weapon of Soviet support of Nehru only as long as the present phase in Indo-Soviet relations lasts. Meanwhile, Indian opinion, already contemptuous of the slow process of democracy to solve basic problems of food and shelter and enamored by propaganda about the Soviet paradise, is veering toward totalitarianism.

Under Nehru, a benevolent "democratic dictatorship" might be possible. But what comes after Nehru? Who can prevent the Congress Party from splitting into as many pieces as there are second rank leaders in it? What other democratic party could take over?

The Communists, though initially embarrassed by Nehru's tactics, are prepared to lie low. P. C. Joshi, a former General Secretary of the Communist Party of India, who now heads a "Right-opportunist" faction in the party, sketched the strategy in a recent circular to his supporters. The Soviets' tour, he emphasized, would provide the Communists with a golden opportunity to smash the last stages of anti-Sovietism. If Communists bestirred themselves, he added, there was no doubt they could wrest the initiative from Nehru and turn the visit to their own advantage.

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Kefauver Joins the Race

by Michael Straight

ESTES KEFAUVER chose the coldest day of the year in Washington to announce his candidacy for the Democratic Presidential nomination. But in the Congressional Room of the Willard Hotel, where a crowd gathered on December 16 in response to his sudden summons, there was warmth beyond the heat generated by the flood lamps. A small band of enthusiasts were present to applaud, and Kefauver, grinning, reminded them that this was a meeting for the press. From the press there was also some applause. That was a change, for despite the headlines he has given them, newspapermen have distrusted Kefauver. Now they watched him with wistfulness, seeing a soldier riding off, undaunted, in a lost cause.

Tall and grave, Kefauver stood on an improvised platform in the center of the room. A flag hung limply at his side. Behind him propped up on the backs of two gilt chairs, was an enormous photograph of himself. A relic of the 1952 campaign, it betrayed signs of aging so insignificant as to be almost imperceptible in one who has never stopped driving himself. The photographs taken on this day would show a candidate whose jaw is a little heavier, whose neck is a little thicker, whose hair is lighter as it turns grey, whose glasses are stronger. But these shadings were lost on the rows of photographers and cameramen as they fought for attention. Trained to be short tempered and aggressive, they shouted *Let's have a big smile! Over this way! Last time, Senator!* Kefauver turned gravely from one to the other, twirling a coonskin cap which they induced him to fling four times to an aide who served as substitute for the political ring.

In his soft voice that lacks vitality and vibrancy, Kefauver read his statement. It was sharper than Stevenson's declaration and beneath its politeness, the half-hidden thrusts were strong. Stevenson was never mentioned, and yet Kefauver drew quickly and deftly his differences with the front runner. He employed the image of a partially disabled President to place Stevenson in perspective and to justify his candidacy. "The Republican Party," he declared, "suffers from lack of alternative candidates broadly representative of their party. It would not be a healthy thing for the Democratic Party to be placed in such a position." Kefauver declined to continue fencing with the word "moderation" and refused to indicate the issues on which his differences with Stevenson and Harriman might be made plain. But he presented himself as the candidate of the people, leaving Stevenson and Harriman by inference as the candidates of the machines. "I have received much encouragement, *particularly from the rank-and-file members of the party,*" he said.

The statement was brief, and at once, under instruction from their home offices, the reporters took hold of Kefauver and pulled him into the hard problems of the primary contests. *California?* Yes, he would run there. *Florida?* No answer now, but the Florida sun felt fine. *New Hampshire?* No answer again, but his supporters were buckling on their snowshoes. *Wisconsin?* It depended on his finances, his support, the pressure of work in the Senate. *Minnesota?* "Things are pretty well stacked against me there, but I've received a great deal of mail; I'll have to evaluate it." *Ohio?* Here the reporter wanted to know further if Kefauver was scared by the favorite-son candidacy of Governor Lausche. "I don't scare very easily," said Kefauver.

Among the reporters there were some cynics. "Will you take your Committee on Juvenile Delinquency into Florida next spring?" asked Rowland Evans of the *New York Herald Tribune*. "I've no particular plans," Kefauver replied easily. "I've found some criticism of you among liberals in Texas," said Sarah McClendon of the *San Antonio Light*. "They say you are lukewarm in opposition to the seating of Governor Shivers at next year's Democratic Convention." "The great State of Texas is made up of many Tennesseans," answered Kefauver smiling. "I wouldn't presume to tell them how to organize their delegation."

"PEOPLE say that no matter what strength you have you can't get the nomination," said Ed Woods of the *Post-Dispatch*. "I don't believe," Kefauver answered, "that there is a stop-Kefauver movement in the nation today. Most highly influential people don't expect any longer to put hurdles in my path." "Does that include Truman?" a reporter from the *Nashville Banner* demanded. "I have been assured by Truman that he does not expect to put hurdles in my way." At that another reporter jumped up: "Does that mean that Truman stopped you last time?" "Mr. Truman stated," said Kefauver without hesitating, "that he was responsible for the nomination of Mr. Stevenson in 1952. He's a man of great and deserved influence in the party."

A Negro reporter asked for a statement on educational aid to states that defy the Supreme Court ruling on segregation. "The Supreme Court decision is the law," Kefauver answered, "and it's high time that intelligent people of both races got together to carry it out." A

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Jewish Telegraphic Agency reporter asked about the Arab-Israel conflict. Kefauver declared that Israel should be armed and guaranteed against aggression. In the same outspoken spirit, he reaffirmed his support for Atlantic Union. "In our relations with Western Europe, the birthplace of freedom and liberty as we know it in the United States, I firmly believe in a policy of closer co-operation on economic, cultural and political levels as well as on the purely military level."

The conference ended, and Nancy Kefauver stepped up to be photographed with her husband. She smiled with some difficulty, foreseeing more months of almost unendurable pressure. For thoroughness and personal effort is the whole Kefauver campaign. Typically, two evenings before this interview, he signed three thousand letters informing close friends of his decision and adding, "I will be counting heavily on you." He sent telegrams to every Governor, Senator and national committeeman of his party and spent most of the night on the long-distance telephone answering their questions and seeking their support.

THE millions of Americans who watched the press conference on their television screens on the night of December 16 saw a soft-spoken, dignified man. He was less tense, more sure of himself than the man who opened his 1952 campaign by challenging and humiliating Harry Truman in New Hampshire; who went next to Florida which custom decreed was Richard Russell's political preserve; and who moved on to Nebraska to insure that the dollars poured out on behalf of Senator Robert Kerr were spent for nothing. And yet the self-assured, familiar figure of December 16 was at heart still an outsider, gambling at long odds on his own endurance and power to work political miracles, and refusing obstinately to listen to the warnings of his closest friends.

Paul Douglas, his closest ally in the Senate since 1949, and his champion in the struggle for the nomination in 1952, was the first to tell Kefauver that in 1956 he would work wholeheartedly for Stevenson. Hubert Humphrey, another close friend, all but sealed up Minnesota against him, in the course of assuming the leadership for Stevenson throughout the Midwest. Michael Di Salle, who offered to manage his campaign, told Kefauver, after checking in all parts of the country, that an open and all-out contest with Stevenson would be ruinous, and so passed out of the picture. And at the November meeting of the Democratic National Committee, men and women who labored with the dedication of fanatics for Kefauver in 1952 came to remind him that in those days Stevenson was unknown. "Who have you turned to when you were in trouble on Capitol Hill?" Kefauver asked the leaders of the AFL and CIO. "We know," they answered, "but our choice is made."

In terms of the political principles he stands for and the political services he has rendered, Kefauver's claims to leadership are powerful if not unique. He bucked the veterans' lobbies, the nationalists and the isolationists in endorsing a union of Western democracies. He spoke out in favor of anti-lynching legislation, and for cloture to end the filibusters that block the enactment of laws for civil rights. He fought the McCarran Immigration Act, and followed up an earlier record of voting against the Un-American Activities Committee in the House of Representatives by opposing passage in the Senate of the Internal Security Act. When Humphrey in 1954 undertook to outbid the Republicans by outlawing the Communist Party, Kefauver alone voted against a bill which many Senators conceded in private was wretchedly conceived and poorly drawn. And when the Democratic leaders in the House and Senate courted war by granting Eisenhower a blanket endorsement for his rash and ambiguous commitments on the Chinese coastal islands, Kefauver once again stood almost alone in advocating a course of wisdom and restraint.

Moreover, in terms of service to the party, Kefauver more than any legislator has drawn the vital lines between Democrats and Republicans over the past three years. Speaker Sam Rayburn and others have made forays against the Administration on matters such as the $20 tax cut. Kefauver, isolated as he has been by the Senate Democrats, pointed out with tenacity and skill the worst

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aspect of the President's commitment to narrow pressure groups rather than to the great majority, and his choice of doctrine over need in the campaign to undermine the TVA.

In spite of all these claims upon his party, however, Kefauver remains the outsider looking in. The stop-Kefauver movement may have shrunk, as Kefauver believes, to the doubtful figure of Scott Lucas. And yet the Democratic citadels of the South and the Northeast remain almost unassailable to Kefauver's assaults. The Senate Democrats resent Kefauver's preoccupation with his own career. The Southern leaders scorn him as one who has crossed the line to judge matters of life and death for Southern whites in national terms. Southerners assume that Stevenson, being a Northerner, will stop short when they warn him that bloodshed in the South will be the price of further reforms. Kefauver they really fear as a spokesman for civil rights. For he is a Southerner, and he can't be intimidated by bluff.

Reasons far more obscure than these lead the independents, the reporters, the commentators, the intellectuals and some former officials of the New Deal and the Fair Deal to discount Kefauver's claims. They grant that courage and vigor are demanded of a President and that Kefauver has rare courage and vigor. They add that executive capacity, a sense of priorities and the ability to summon outstanding men to public service are the further requirements of a President, and they sense that Kefauver lacks these qualities. They suspect further that Kefauver's intense interest in people and his warmth and his obvious honesty are not deep-seated traits of personality, but the outward features of a chosen political image. More important, of course, these groups have heard a voice in American politics unequalled for intellectual clarity since Wilson's time, and for as long as Stevenson is willing they are committed to him.

There remains the Democratic rank and file. Kefauver believes that these people are not committed to Stevenson and that given the opportunity they will reaffirm their faith in him. The opportunity is present in the primaries.

Eighteen states held primary elections in 1952. In fifteen of these Kefauver won his party's endorsement. Next year there will be primary elections in 19 states. Of these, less than half are binding on the delegates sent to the Democratic convention. And because these primaries, in Pennyslvania, Illinois, New York and New Jersey, among other states, require as much effort as contests that are meaningful, Kefauver plans now to ignore them where he can. So far he is committed only to California. But before long it seems certain that he will announce his entrance into the primaries in New Hampshire, Florida, Wisconsin and Oregon. In Nebraska, Minnesota, Ohio and Maryland, all states that he won in 1952, he will wait and watch Stevenson.

Kefauver and Stevenson will first collide in Florida, and that is very much to Kefauver's liking. He attaches little importance to the warm welcome Stevenson received there two weeks ago. He believes that he is still far better known. He relies upon the indifference of the politicians pledged to Stevenson in Northern Florida whose preoccupation in the primaries really lies in the races for sheriffs and county judges. In Southern Florida, where the majority of the votes lies, Kefauver believes that his views on Middle East politics will score.

In Oregon, where Stevenson may be entered against his wishes, and in California, Kefauver foresees further success. In terms of issues, he believes that Democrats will move from Stevenson's brand of conservatism to his own militancy.

In terms of personalities, he welcomes Stevenson's apparent decision to make the contest one of shaking hands. For he believes that Stevenson in person will not overwhelm the voters, and that no one can shake as many hands as Estes Kefauver.

Nancy Kefauver may dread the months ahead. Her husband does not. He will not listen to the advice of men who beg him to pull out of the race, for he has been alone all his life and learned to trust his own judgment alone. He will not give up, even if he suffers initial defeat, for as he worked his way through law school, and fought during every adult hour, one objective made his sacrifices worthwhile, and is built too deeply into his being to be discarded now. He will not tire. He has endured this test before and knows he can survive it, he doubts if Stevenson is as strong. He has the rugged determination of the outsider. The professional rank and filer, and in turn the multitudes throughout the country who pride themselves as being rank and filers feel kinship for him, and will work for him as few volunteers will work for Stevenson. The kinship of the outsiders is cemented every time that Kefauver and a voter shake hands. The handshake with Stevenson creates no such binding force.

For the present Kefauver is far behind. But he was far behind in 1947 when he defied Mr. Crump and ran for the Senate; and he was far behind again when he started out in 1952. Some who grant his appeal have worked to forestall a primary battle by securing agreement now on a Stevenson-Kefauver ticket for 1956. But the opportunity for such an agreement, if it ever existed, has been passed over by both men, and will not occur again until after the second ballot at Chicago. There remains the task of preventing the kind of all-out contest that could undermine the Democratic Party's chances next November. Here the outlook is uncertain. The contest will enliven the party and capture the nation's attention while Republicans languish. It will also require heavy expenditures, and engender bitterness and division among Democrats. The two contenders are unlikely to personally attack each other. Their supporters cannot refrain from these attacks. "In California," remarked one Kefauver supporter, "you can't elect a dog catcher without getting into a dog fight."

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HOW NOT TO PRODUCE A FILM

by Walter Goodman

IT WAS inevitable that some day the eye of an enterprising movie producer would be caught by the New York City Youth Board, formed in 1947 to deal with teen-age gangs that battle at night in the city's streets. What could be more dramatic than a handful of college-trained psychiatric social workers going each night to the hang-outs where the gangs congregate, winning the trust of boys who distrust any authority but the gang's, trying to lead delinquents back to conventional behavior?

Last spring Combined Artists, a small television producing firm, reached an agreement with the New York City Youth Board to produce a film based on its work. The Board agreed to make its files and techniques available to the script writer—whoever he might be—in return for which New York City would receive five percent of the film's profits.

In June, Combined Artists asked Arthur Miller to write the script. Why Arthur Miller? The question was destined to be shouted in the weeks to come. Author of *The Crucible* and *All My Sons,* awarded a Pulitzer Prize for *Death of a Salesman,* twice winner of the New York Drama Critics Circle Award, why not Arthur Miller? The why nots, too, would be forthcoming.

But for the moment there was agreement, and Miller spent a week in June going out with Youth Board workers each night, learning something about them and their efforts: "Working 42-hour stretches to head off a gang fight; no time to eat, to sleep, to shave, shot at, stabbed, beaten, arrested, degraded; ending up with broken heads and ulcers . . . for $3,000 a year." Miller hadn't experienced social devotion of this sort since the depression days. Furthermore, as a resident of Brooklyn Heights, he knew about the "Gawanas Boys" and the other gangs that roamed his neighborhood. As the father of two children—eight and eleven—he saw the problem in personal terms. He agreed to do the script.

For the next seven weeks, Miller spent his mornings casting *A View from the Bridge*, his nights on the streets with the youth workers. About the middle of August the drama went into rehearsal, and during this period he wrote up a 25-page outline of the film so that Combined Artists might circulate it with a view to getting backing and distribution. It was to be a professionally produced, full-length feature motion picture, complete with Hollywood stars, to be shown in first-run theatres.

The script was hardly off the mimeograph machine when Scripps-Howard reporter Frederick Woltman saw red. Bristling with a list of Arthur Miller's past associations, charging him as a left-winger at best and citing as evidence such things as his sponsorship of the Waldorf Peace Conference in 1949, an exposé by Woltman appeared in the *New York World-Telegram.* Within a week, the *World-Telegram* itself was editorially demanding that New York City break off all relations with so tarnished an artist.

About this time, the Un-American Activities Committee, headed by Rep. Francis Walter, arrived in New York on its own hunt for subversives in the entertainment industry. Despite rumors that he was on the committee's agenda, Miller was not called to testify. But the New York Youth Board *was* called upon by an Un-American Activities Committee staff member who demanded that the Board sever connection with Miller, to which the Board responded by voting unanimously to back Miller and his film. Economically, the city's role in the deal was quite desirable; it was due to collect five percent of the profits without investing a dime. In fact, it was more profitable to the city than to himself, Miller was beginning to feel.

More important, after seven weeks in the juvenile jungle, Miller began to wonder whether any movie about juvenile delinquency in New York could duck the problem presented by the Police Department. New York's Finest have not been raised and bred to appreciate techniques of psychiatric social work. In order to gain the trust of the gang leaders, infiltrating Youth Board representatives had learned to keep secrets; to harassed cops this came close to complicity with thugs. On occasion patrolmen arrested the youth workers themselves.

THIS police mistrust was shared by top politicians in New York City who shared the viewpoint of the men-on-the-beat to handle "tough punks." All in all, says Miller, "I was suspicious of having to account to the City of New York. I was not going to write a picture that would make these people feel all their problems were solved."

Though the city was not obliged to pay out anything for the film, the New York Board of Estimate was required to approve the contract with Combined Artists. Three powerful members of the Board of Estimate—Brooklyn Borough President John Cashmore, Bronx Borough President James J. Lyons and City Comptroller Lawrence E. Gerosa—thereupon let it be known that

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they were ag'in the agreement with Miller. In addition to their normal political aversion to affronting the American Legion, these men were instinctively one with the police force. Yet, as city politicians they liked the prestige their connection with so ambitious an enterprise would bring them; but, deep down, the project's highbrow approach made them uneasy.

But since controversial vetoes are distasteful to politicians on the City Board of Estimate, New York's Corporation Counsel, Peter Campbell Brown, came up with a most propitious informal ruling early this month. Brown ruled that the Youth Board—composed of well-to-do, civic-minded persons—*and* the heads of the various New York City departments were jointly empowered to make their own decision on the contract. Mayor Robert Wagner, equally adverse to publicity on this issue, ordered his Investigations Commissioner to "take a look at" the allegations against Miller, then shunted the ensuing report—which listed former left-wing associations but included no evidence of present sinister connections —over to the Youth Board. The Board, expected to make a decision that all the professionals wouldn't make, appointed a subcommittee of six members to study the matter further.

The subcommittee met with Miller on December 6.

> I told the Board [Miller recalls] that I was not going to genuflect to any newspaperman or howling mob; I was not going to change my writing for anyone. My attitudes on dictatorship, Nazi and Communist, had been established by many essays. I'd signed the customary loyalty oath when obtaining my passport. I was not going to submit myself to any political means test to practice the profession of letters in the United States. [The subcommittee voted five to one to support him.]

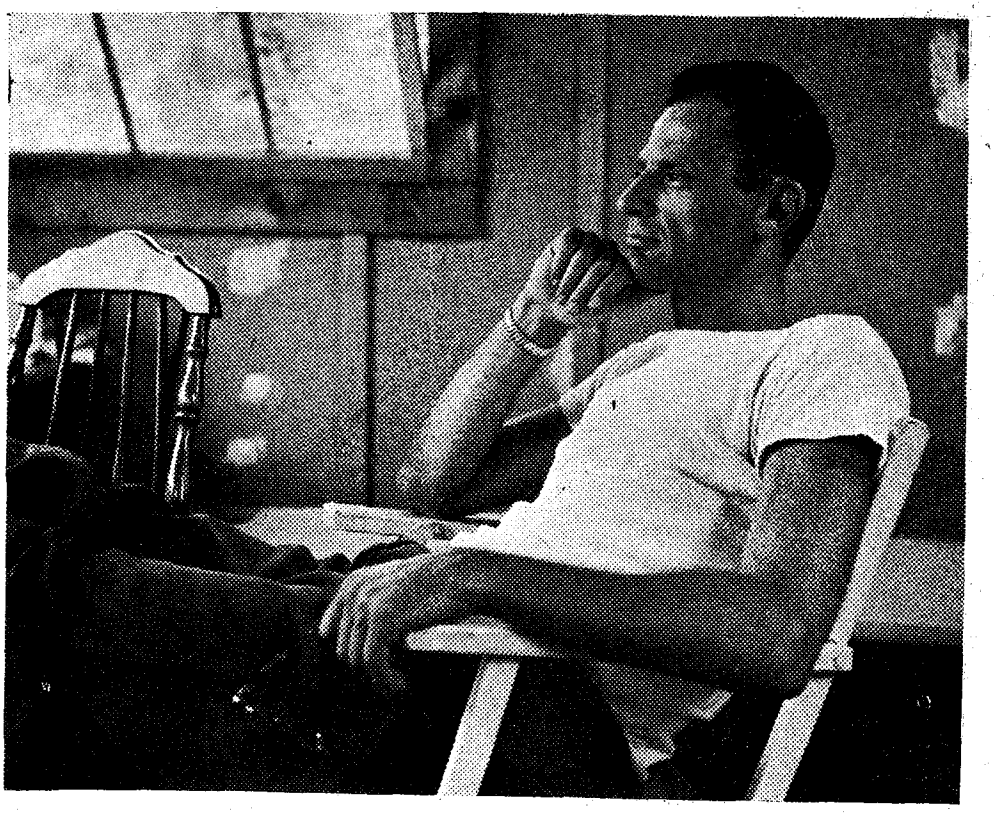
The American Legion, via its newly elected National Commander J. Addington Wagner and the Catholic War Veterans, had for weeks been wildly signalling the city fathers on the dangers of collaboration with a man with Arthur Miller's background. At four p.m. on December 12, the city fathers took note of the stop signals. The Youth Board met at 500 Park Avenue and voted eleven to nine to overrule its subcommittee and drop its association with the film. Of the eight city commissioners or their deputies who were there—something of a record —seven voted against Miller. "I'm not calling him a Communist," one of the majority said afterward. "My objection is he refuses to repent."

The Youth Board made it clear that it was not judging the man disloyal; nor was it judging him untalented; just what it was judging it did not say. His unsuitability was not based upon the outline for the film, which had been enthusiastically approved; and since the city could have withdrawn from the contract at any time, there was little danger of its being inveigled into sponsoring a subversive product. Why then was Miller unsuitable? The *World-Telegram* had its answer in a lead editorial of December 8:

> The question was not whether Mr. Miller is talented —or whether he could write an unbiased script on the work of the Youth Board. It was simply whether the city should enhance the playwright's prestige and diminish its own by indirectly hiring a man with such a questionable political background.

Miller's answer was something else:

> I had hoped to make not merely a drama but a civilizing work of art. The majority of the Youth Board has now decided that this picture shall not be made. So be it. Now let us see whether fanaticism can do what it never could do in the history of the world; let it perform a creative act; let it take its club in hand and write what it has just destroyed.



Arthur Miller: "I had hoped to make not merely a drama but a civilizing work of art."

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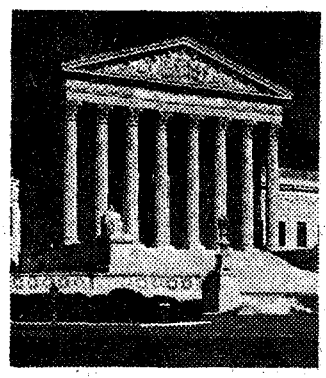
Virginia *versus* the Court

by Benjamin Muse

VIRGINIA'S policy with respect to the Supreme Court decision against race segregation in the public schools is one of going all the way—all the way, that is, in circumventing it.

They are not ignoring the decision in this state, or just letting it simmer. There has been neither compliance nor defiance. But there has been an inordinate feeling of urgency in building roads around it.

Within hours after the decree of last May 31 was announced, Prince Edward County had abandoned its public school system. A fund-raising movement to establish a system of segregated private schools was started the following day. Under pressure from the State Capital, Prince Edward's governing body reconsidered its action and all Virginia public schools opened, segregated as usual, last September. But six counties in the region of heavy Negro population are still allocating funds for school operation on a month-to-month basis—just in case.



US Supreme Court

. . . "Racial discrimination in public education is unconstitutional. . . . All provisions of federal, state or local law requiring or permitting such discrimination must yield to this principle. . . . Constitutional principles cannot be allowed to yield simply because of disagreement with them." *May 31, 1955*

A campaign is now in progress to obtain voter approval in a referendum January 9 for a constitutional amendment to prepare the way for state support of segregated private schools throughout the Commonwealth.

Four other Southern states have amended their constitutions as a result of the Supreme Court decision. Louisiana acted merely to reassert the state's right to continue segregation in the "exercise of its police power." South Carolina and Mississippi cleared the way for the abolition of their public school systems, but no implementing action has been taken or is in immediate prospect in either state.

Georgia amended its constitution in 1954 to make possible "grants to citizens of the state for educational purposes"—that is, for the operation of segregated private schools. But the Georgia Legislature is only now preparing to consider, when it meets in January, an implementing proposal which would empower the Governor to close public schools and issue education grants when and where "he shall find that the public interest shall so require."

The proposed amendment of the Virginia constitution, however, is not designed merely as a precautionary measure against future contingencies. It is part of a program, which is moving with something more than the "deliberate speed" ordered by the Supreme Court to get state-subsidized private schools going before the next school term.

The program came from a special study commission on November 12 and was immediately embraced by Governor Thomas B. Stanley and Senator Harry Byrd's political machine. It contemplated a series of quick steps, which would complete the legislative process by April 1. The first step was taken on December 3, when the General Assembly, acting with near unanimity in a brief special session, ordered a referendum to adopt a constitutional amendment to prepare the way for the private school plan.

The commission, called the "Gray Commission," after its chairman, State Senator Garland Gray, offered a companion circumvention device, known as the pupil assignment plan. This is a plan for the assignment of pupils to schools as far as possible according to race, but theoretically for reasons other than race. Despite the element of chicanery, this procedure could be used to facilitate a justifiable gradualism in a desegregation process.

But emphasis is upon the private school plan, and it is the first upon which action is to be taken. This plan has been outlined in a manner to make it, in the opinion of its authors, as nearly litigation-proof as possible. Public funds would not be allocated to private schools directly, but to their pupils, in the form of "tuition grants." Pupils of parochial or sectarian schools are expressly excluded from the plan.

The January 9 referendum will be the plan's most difficult hurdle, for this is the one chance which the people will have to express themselves directly and with full force. In the General Assembly the district pattern gives disproportionate representation to the older communities

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and the rural areas. For instance, the populous and fast-growing Virginia localities of the Washington, D. C., area—which would proceed with the integration of their schools if restraint from Richmond were removed—are notoriously under-represented in the Legislature.

The General Assembly also is smoothly controlled by the Byrd machine—as it has been without major interruption since the late twenties, when Harry F. Byrd occupied the Governor's mansion. But in a statewide election the machine's famous technique for obtaining the most votes in the right places is of no particular value. In the last two gubernatorial elections, in spite of the fact that the machine held more than 80 percent of the General Assembly seats, its candidates for Governor had difficulty in winning a small margin of victory —over an antimachine Democrat in one case and a Republican in the other. In 1949 a set of constitutional amendments, backed by the machine and approved twice by the Legislature, was rejected in a statewide referendum by a vote of nearly 4-to-1.

In the case of the present constitutional amendment proposal, however, the machine is making a much more determined effort. Spurred by Governor Stanley, who is holding conferences in one district after another, loyal henchmen are hurrying to "explain" the private school plan to the voters before Christmas.

Explaining is, indeed, what the proposal most needs. But explanations for the most part have been confined to generalities, centering around the oversimplified theme that parents who object to sending their children to integrated schools should be allowed to use their share of the school money in the education of their children elsewhere.

The amount of the tuition grants contemplated, about $200 a year per pupil, would not cover the cost of private school operation, and no one has explained how the private schools would be financed, housed and staffed or how it is proposed to assure that all the tuition grant money will be used for the purpose intended.

The state's leaders are out, of course, to teach the Supreme Court a lesson. If and when the private school plan is adopted, they can say to the court: "Look what you forced us to do." If the public school system falls apart as a result of it, they will have the satisfaction of saying to the high tribunal: "Look what a mess you made!" Spotswood Robinson, regional counsel of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is serenely confident that "the whole thing will dissolve" as soon as the process of litigation can be completed. But he foresees confusion and hardship in the meantime, from which Negroes would suffer most. As yet, however, there has been no instance of violence and little overt intimidation of Negroes.

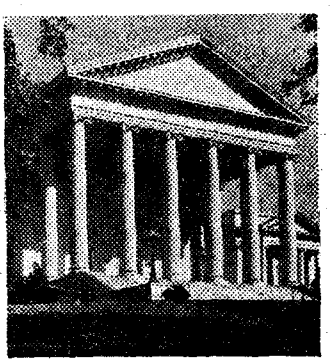
The latter were swarming to treasurers' offices last week in the biggest Negro poll-tax-paying boom in history. They will cast a solid vote against the constitutional convention and the Negro vote in Virginia will have new significance in future political calculations.

A part of the reason for Virginia's recalcitrance, in spite of its "northern exposure," can be found in the fact that the war for states' rights was fought and directed so largely in this state. It is traceable more to the influence upon Virginia policy and opinion, now as in former crises, of that southern and eastern section of the state where Negroes constitute from 30 to 81 percent of the population.

The other half of Virginia had few slaves in 1861, and it has few Negroes today. In fact, the pattern of population growth has contracted the area where Negroes are more than 30 percent of the population to districts aggregating less than one third of the population of the state. Nevertheless, this region, which, incidentally is the most potent Byrd stronghold, has largely shaped Virginia's course in this segregation crisis.

Among the leaders of that section are: Gray, of the Gray Commission; Rep. Watkins Abbitt, who is "coordinator" of the campaign for the constitutional amendment; and Rep. William M. Tuck, former Governor and candidate for machine boss when Byrd retires.

Byrd himself has found this an appropriate period in which to be engrossed in the business of the US Senate. But Tuck has engaged in anti-integration pyrotechnics which Georgia's Talmadge might envy. Tuck intends, he says, "to resist, with all the might I have, this effort . . . to defile and make putrid the pure Anglo-Saxon blood that courses through the innocent veins of our helpless children."



Gray Report

"In the [May 31 decision] . . . the present Court abandoned all legal precedent and based its conclusions upon the conflicting evidence of psychologists. It relied 'generally' upon a lengthy treatise edited by Gunnar Myrdal, a European sociologist of slight experience in the US."—*Nov. 12, 1955*

The main scapegoat in Virginia is Chief Justice Warren. By and large Virginia admirers of President Eisenhower, who are legion, have overlooked Ike's efforts to bring race segregation to an end. A substantial number of Democratic voters from the southside of Virginia were drawn into the Democrats-for-Eisenhower movement of 1952 in the belief that Eisenhower was the segregationists' better hope; many of these will return next year to their natural habitat in the Democratic Party. But probably an equal number of Negro voters will switch to the Republican banner.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Legacy of Kierkegaard

by E. M. Fleissner

ONE hundred years after Kierkegaard's death in November, 1855, his fame is still in a process of world-wide expansion. Most of his works, including a selection of his journals, are now available in English. However, his devoted students have frequently learned Danish to make sure of his exact meaning. His terminology and a deliberate concealment of much of his personal conflicts and attitudes behind a screen of wit and irony makes a clear and systematic presentation of his train of thought difficult. Therefore his influence has often been indirect and at least partially based on simplifications. Kierkegaard himself ironically predicted that he would later be summed up "in a paragraph." Worse than that, he has been dealt with in mottoes and slogans. *Dread, immediacy, despair, repetition,* the *Instant,* the *leap* into faith are some of the terms which have been lifted from his writings and made to stand for his long and complex search.

APART from this pseudo-influence there has been, nonetheless, a growing recogition of Kierkegaard's importance by many outstanding writers. Karl Barth, Emil Brunner, Reinhold Niebuhr, Paul Tillich, leaders of the Protestant discussion in our time, owe much to Kierkegaard's uncompromising *inwardness.* Heidegger and Jaspers, Sartre and Camus, the German and French "Existentialists," are indebted to him. Kafka and Rilke, to a lesser extent Thomas Mann, responded to his ideas. To a reader familiar with Kierkegaard's ideas and underlying preoccupations a great deal in contemporary literature seems to relate. Faulkner's *Light in August,* for example, expresses in its symbolic and paradoxical manner, in its veiled but intense religiosity, an "existential" experience not unlike Kierkegaard's.

Kierkegaard's overwhelming interest was in religion. And yet, our current revival of popular religious writing has nothing to do with him. Faith in "positive thinking," in the idea that we may reach God through prayer and interest Him in our personal problems is as far removed as possible from Kierkegaard's concept of God's transcendence and total *otherness;* from his conviction that, while God may reach us and break into our consciousness in an *Instant* of timeless, utterly incomprehensible revelation, we can never reach Him, be it through thought or feeling, deed or suffering, although we may prepare for His coming through inwardness and a profound, total experience of *dread,* which is our spontaneous admission of sin and our emotional response to our loneliness and forlornness in the universe.

NOR does Billy Graham's success in converting thousands to a greater sense of Christian faith and responsibility correspond to Kierkegaard's idea of true conversion. The criterion of real religious conversion for Graham and his followers is essentially an increased usefulness to the church and to fellow humans, accompanied by a strong inner sense of peace and happiness. Kierkegaard's experience of Christ, the core of his thought and, one might be tempted to say, the bane of his life, was fused with his realization that Christian faith and worldly happiness were incompatible. To be a Christian—something almost impossible to achieve—meant to be ready to suffer unendingly, not only because of unavoidable misunderstandings on the part of others, or because of personal shortcomings, but above all because of Christ's *otherness,* his divinity, which must seem to man paradoxical and absurd and which he nevertheless must learn to obey and love.

Kierkegaard resisted all attempts on the part of "good Christians" (he personally respected and liked the head of the Danish Lutheran Church, and his older brother was a minister) and of his own brilliant intellect to "solve" the divine enigma, to substitute dogma for the *Instant* of living contact, unless the dogma be the Incarnation and Passion of Christ, the greatest paradox of all. At the end of his life he stated that he believed in the love of God, and he seemed to find a touchingly humble, silent bliss in His grace. But up to then he had sensed an element of cruelty and torture in Christianity—to which, he suspected, his brooding temperament responded—and never ceased to probe the Bible, life, literature, the human record and his own mind and experience for signs of meaning which would reconcile, but not undo, the basic polarity of love and suffering. In *Fear and Trembling* he wrote:

> The ethical expression for what Abraham did is, that he would murder Isaac; the religious expression is, that he would sacrifice Isaac; but precisely in this contradiction consists the dread which can well make a man sleepless, and yet Abraham is not what he is without this dread . . . When I have to think of Abraham, I am as though annihilated. I catch sight every moment of that enormous paradox which is the substance of Abraham's life . . . If people think that by considering the outcome of Abraham's story they might let themselves be moved to believe, they deceive themselves and want to swindle God out of the first movement of faith, the infinite resignation. They would suck worldly wisdom out of the paradox. Perhaps one or another may succeed in that, for our age is not willing to stop with faith, with its miracle of turning water into wine, it goes further, it turns wine into water. The movements of faith must constantly be made by virtue of the absurd, yet in such a way, be it observed, that one does not lose the finite but gains it in every inch . . . to express the sublime in the pedestrian—that only faith can do.

KIERKEGAARD was intensely self-observant. He knew well his own mental assets and weaknesses. An inherited tendency towards melancholy, aggravated by a rather lonely and eccentric childhood, coupled with a keen sense of humor, a gift of ready wit and an ability to dissect and challenge every kind of logical argument and rational speculation made him an often delightful, but just as often intolerable, companion to others and to himself. His journals and notebooks contain the detailed record of his lonely struggle against his fears, sometimes amounting to phobias, his depressions, his decisions and doubts. There

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are indications of manic depressive cycles. He watched the dizzy flight of his ideas and dreaded insanity. When he broke his engagement to the only woman he ever loved and who sincerely loved him, he doubted the sense and necessity of rendering her and himself unhappy. Yet at the same time he was sure that he stood under sealed orders from *Governance* (God), which were incompatible with marriage. The suffering which this decision brought to him served as a powerful stimulus to his creativity. Therefore, in retrospect, his conviction does seem upheld by fact.

Matinee

IN a tiny theater, blue-wired,
with dust a shabby sea-light in the lobby,
Chekov stirs. A white gown glimmers;
Irina wan and young, unbending flower
essays from the very gifted rigor
of his forced and earthen fist.

Vershinin strides, Solyony blanches,
the stage enlarges even to the sky.
A cold wind utters, actors weep,
the Doctor unastonished, tells the end.
And ah, the glittering surge of rage unsaid!
And love that breaks like wreckage on the shore.

JANE MAYHALL

However this may be, what makes Kierkegaard so interesting and alive today is his remarkable ambivalence of mind, his determination not to accept easy solutions, neither on the natural or psychological, nor on the metaphysical side. His ability to doubt *and* believe; to be unreservedly, perhaps pathologically, subjective *and* devoted to the service of God who he understood to be the God of all; to respond with a poet's sensitivity to earthly beauty and sorrow *and* deem it all nothing compared to the orders from the spiritual world. His insistence, in short, that truth could not be simple and one-sided, purely rational or emotional, pragmatic or speculative, scientific or metaphysical, because the human mind embraces all this and still longs for more. Above all, to Kierkegaard, the human mind longed for thought related to feeling, and for feeling related to personal experience on the existential level, deeper than that of any partial knowledge. I quote from *The Sickness unto Death*, one of his later works:

> The high aloofness of indifferent learning is, from the Christian point of view, jest and vanity . . . Let us never forget that the ignorance of Socrates was a kind of godly fear and divine worship . . . Let us never forget that precisely out of reverence for the Diety he was ignorant, that, so far as a pagan could be, he kept watch as a judge on the border between God and man, that God and man may not in a way philosophise poetise, etc., coalesce into one . . . A priest surely ought to be a believer. And think what a believer is! A believer is surely a lover, yes, of all lovers the most in love. With respect to enthusiasm a lover is after all only a stripling in comparison with a believer . . . Is it not evident that it could never occur to one who really is in love to want to prove it by . . . reasons or to defend it? For in fact he himself is that which is more than all reasons and more than every defense—he is a lover.

Much of Kierkegaard's ambivalence may be called romantic. He was, in fact, influenced by the German romanticists. He shared the romanticists' aesthetic responsiveness, he loved nature, especially the woods, and music. But his favorite composer was Mozart. And his rapport with nature was not so much mystic and emotional as observant and reflective. The aesthetic experience, particularly the pleasure of molding thought through language, always remained important to him. In the lightness of his touch, the spiritedness of his rendering a common experience he is comparable to Lawrence Sterne, particularly in the major work of his youth, *Either/Or*. For example:

> There are different kinds of feminine blushes. There is the coarse brick-red blush which romantic writers always use so freely when they let their heroines blush all over. There is the delicate blush; it is the blush of the spirit's dawn. In a young girl it is the ineffable. The passing blush produced by a happy idea is beautiful in a man, more beautiful in a young man, charming in a woman. It is a gleam of lightning, the heat lightning of the spirit. It is most beautiful in the young, charming in a girl because it appears in her girlishness, and therefore it has also the modesty of surprise.

But already in *Either/Or*, he came to the conclusion that aestheticism was a philosophy of despair, that the aesthetic moment was time-bound and transient, that he wanted values removed from this purely personal sphere. We have here again the curious paradox that Kierkegaard insisted on subjectivity, on the *Here and Now*, on the *Instant*, and yet demanded absolute, immortal substance.

THE alternative to *aestheticism* offered in *Either/Or* is the *ethical* interpretation of life centered in marriage and a profession; active, responsible, enthusiastic participation in community living. This is the choice of Edward and Lavinia in T. S. Eliot's play *The Cocktail Party*, but it is presented with more hope and sympathy. Nevertheless, to Kierkegaard, who published *Either/Or* under the pseudonym of Victor Eremita, thereby indicating that it was only an "experiment" and not his personal conviction, an ethical view of existence was no solution. In subsequent works he continued the argument, his own broken engagement lending urgency and pathos to his words. His aim was the religious life, although not in any conventional form. He continued to hide behind pseudonyms and thus to present his problems indirectly, dramatizing them in semi-fictional form. Once he remarked that he might have been a playwright; his works reveal his gift. There is a constant dialectical tension between Kierkegaard's search for the absolute and the experimental application of his many-sided thought to the particular situations which he selects as relevant illustrations of reality. Being only illustrations and islands, as it were, in the stream of his search, they lack complete and rounded individuality. Still, they are eloquent and concrete enough to implant in the reader the suggestion that thought has no value unless it is lived.

Kierkegaard's psychological perspicacity has often been singled out as

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his link with our psychology-minded day.

To me, his insights, approaching Freud's, are not as impressive as his singular sense of crisis. In a peaceful little country, in Copenhagen, a residential city of modest and conservative traditions, in the early nineteenth century, a burgher of independent means brought up in the Lutheran faith, Kierkegaard experienced the crisis of individualism which has become the greatest threat and challenge of our own time. He experienced it *not* as the mere failure of certain cultural standards, or the spiritual defeat of the middle-class, or the twilight of Western Man. Kierkegaard had no recipe of any kind. His faith was something everyone had to experience alone, as the vital *Instant* of dread, despair and revelation. Because so very few experienced it on this profound, life-giving level, he sensed a crisis of individualism which, to him, was the crisis of Man. He saw in his day alarming signs of the rapid deterioration of individual thinking, the shallowing of personal feeling, the increasing pull of conformity. Being exceptionally sensitive, he felt these signs as catastrophic. When he grew older and correspondingly less wrapt up in his private life, this sense of a general crisis increased until it drove him out of his hiding and into the market place.

Kierkegaard's final act was an all-out attack on the Danish Protestant Church of his time, and, I suspect, of all times. Not unlike Tolstoi, he had little faith in institutions. However, he did believe that the church, since it claimed to be Christian, should live up to Christ's teachings and example and forego worldly prosperity in any form. In this respect his demands approach the rules of austerity of the Catholic orders. Emphatically he included himself when he accused the laxity of so-called Christians, and in his attack on the ministry he aimed at self-deception rather than conscious hypocrisy. (He is at once more radical and more understanding than Samuel Butler.) Nevertheless his words were fiercely hostile and scornful:

> We are assembled in the magnificent cathedral. His lordship, the right reverend court preacher, adorned with many titles, the chosen favorite of the highest circles of society, steps forward to preach. Standing before a chosen elite, he preaches under the stress of deep feeling upon a text he has himself selected: "God has chosen the base things of the world, and the things that are despised." And nobody laughs. . . . Had the Apostle Paul any sort of official position? No, Paul had no official position. But did he perhaps earn a great deal of money? No, in no way did he earn much money. But at all events he must have been married? No, Paul was not a married man. But then surely Paul was not a man of earnest life? No, Paul was not a man of earnest life.

There have been prophetic voices from time to time throughout history. There have been some much closer to our own age: Gandhi, Tolstoi, Albert Schweitzer. Why single out Kierkegaard's voice? Perhaps because the very absence of spectacular doings and events in Kierkegaard's life brings him closer to our own life experience, illustrating how profoundly unconventional and individual one neverthless can be. Then, too, he was a writer of rare creative gifts. He dealt with the sublime, but he dealt with it in concrete terms and never as though he owned it. Irony and humor, imaginative freshness, even playfulness do not lose out to abstract and pedantic preaching, and yet we never forget that these human experiences are but means by which *the self* strives to find itself. He was dedicated to his mission and not out to entertain. But even in his final thrusts his language is that of the dramatist and the poet, searching God through life.

The Naturalism of James T. Farrell

by Hugh Holman

MR. FARRELL'S new book is a collection of nine short stories, four with settings in Europe and five in America. The title must have been selected for the paper-back reprint certain to appear soon; for Farrell is one of the most successful writers for the drug-store soft-back set, New American Library reporting that it has sold over 5 million copies of his books. In any case, the title promises more than the book delivers; for the stories are quiet character studies, often little more than sketches.

French Girls are Vicious, by James T. Farrell (Vanguard; $3.50).

The subject matter of none of these stories will seem new to Farrell's readers, and there is little in their telling that sets them apart. On the other hand, although it is expended in very small quantities, the power of Farrell's other work is present here—a power that derives from an absolute devotion to fact, a steady but grim-mouthed determination to tell the truth.

In the appealing testimony Farrell gave in the Philadelphia censorship trial in 1948, he said:

> . . . realism to me . . . is to attempt an exploration of the nature of experience, to see experience directly, to see it unflinchingly. . . . So my effort has been to present life as it is, insofar as I can see it, to present it in terms of the patterns of destiny, the patterns of language, and the patterns of thought and consciousness, which I can grasp and open. . . .

When to this ideal of "honesty" we add Farrell's active and individually free social conscience, his wide and sympathetic knowledge of the world's literature, his critical concern with the objectives and methods of literary naturalism, and the unhumorous earnestness with which he takes himself and his work, he emerges as both a "dedicated spirit" and a most appealing man.

The 27 books which have preceded this one represent both in quantity and content an achievement that is strangely neglected today by serious critics. Yet this neglect is not hard to understand, for even so small a segment of his work as *French Girls are Vicious* suggests two of Farrell's primary weaknesses.

The first is his theory that the language of naturalistic fiction should be the language actually used by characters on the cultural level being described. In this book, for example, he has an American government clerk in Paris tell her story in a jargon drawn from her days in "statistical economic research," and the result, although mildly ironic, is stultifying. Here, as in the bulk of his work, language has not been used to describe character or to reveal it by ironic use; it has been used mechanically

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and with deadening effect because of the arbitrary limits that Farrell imposes upon himself. If the variety of language from the cultural illiteracy of *Young Lonigan* to the sociological complexity of *Yet Other Waters* is examined, one sees that Farrell's theory of language not only denies him a personal style but also "flats" the effectiveness of many of his stories.

The second weakness is Farrell's theory that he should show life in terms of "patterns of thought and consciousness." Whether a character narrates the story, as five do in this collection, or Farrell speaks directly is not significant: the stories always come to us through the narrow limits of the consciousness of one or two characters.

Inevitably Farrell shows us the impact of environment and action on inner selves. This is not an artistic defect in itself, but a virtue; yet Farrell, who is interested in an almost sociological construct of society, in using this narrative technique loses environmental precision.

This is the reason that it finally matters little in this collection whether the stories are laid in Paris or Venice or New York or Chicago: the minds that tell the stories do not change with the environmental shifts. I believe that this is why Farrell seldom gives us a sharply realized sense of place. Dreiser's less sophisticated and clumsy editorializing omniscience worked better.

However, Farrell can put these limitations of language and viewpoint to work to magnificent advantage. In *The Face of Time* he used the language of childhood and old age and the contrasting views of five-year-old Danny O'Neill seeing death overtake his grandfather and his grandfather seeing life waken in Danny to produce one of the finest elegiac novels of recent years. The same combination of language and viewpoint with the theme of decay makes "They Ain't the Men They Used To Be" in this collection quietly and profoundly moving. This story reminds us emphatically that James T. Farrell is still very much with us and in his blundering, awkward, honest way is doing admirable work.

The Poetry of a Supreme Technician

by Dudley Fitts

WHATEVER stature the work of Conrad Aiken may ultimately assume in the long run of criticism, we can affirm now, without risking prematurity of judgment, that he is one of the supreme technicians of modern English poetry. There are few writers, either in prose or in verse, who can challenge his mastery of language, who give us anything comparable to his assurance in controlling the most powerful and varied and nervous resources of expression. His writing has the inevitability of the highest art; it is, rhetorically, definitive. The very first lines of this new book are an example:

> Fanfare of northwest wind, a bluejay wind
> announces autumn, and the Equinox
> rolls back blue bays to a far afternoon.

Such verses reward the closest investigation; the placing of the caesura, with the resultant contrapuntal interplay of the subordinate cadences and the great arc of rhythm; the delicate modulation, by inversion and assonance, of the melody—all true, all demonstrable; together with what is less demonstrable but no less true: an inventive power, beyond language itself, that makes the sweep and the space and the color happen on the page before our eyes. And happen not merely here, or in other scattered instances, but constantly in these poems; and constantly in the earlier poems, as far back as we can go. The unalterable concord of image, of diction, of musical phrase; this is the signature of Conrad Aiken.

A Letter from Li Po, and Other Poems, by Conrad Aiken (Oxford; $3.50.)

Unfortunately the public, or that part of the public that is conscious of poetry at all, finds it a too special signature. It must; otherwise Aiken would have had more than the considerable but still perfunctory recognition that he has been given. It is not too much to say that he is our least considered major poet: the artist whom everyone acknowledges, whom everyone thereupon forgets to recall. The canons of contemporary poetry itself are partly to blame. The art is so private, so much a matter of poet A writing for himself, or, at most, with a reluctant ear cocked in the direction of poets B and C, that the man who is composing openly and in the great tradition is regarded with some dismay, as though he were either a throwback or an uncomfortable kind of ghost. Moreover, we are not used to the courtesy of grace.

A POET may puzzle us, tickle us, shock us, and we accept him as a good man accepts his fate; let a poet try to delight us, and we think of what happened to the poor dear Victorians. So art can defeat itself, it seems: no surface so lovely can be quite respectable. Such a state of mind will assent to the static little symbolists and formalists on all sides of us and deny a true poet his praise chiefly because he is true. So it may be, partly, with Conrad Aiken.

Partly, but not wholly. There can be such a thing as too much art, too great a preoccupation with the instrument; and then rhetoric, in the uneasy sense of the word, is a danger. It is here, I think, rather than in the withdrawn self-searching temper of the poet's mind, that the harmful qualifications lie. It is perilous to speak with the tongues of angels and not of men if the substance of what is spoken is not also memorable. And although I find much in these poems that is just, and much more that is privately or nostalgically poignant, I do not generally find a significance to match the style. I am oddly most moved, though certainly not most impressed, by passages that the poet clearly intends to be subordinate:

> the divine touch that in the radiant fingertips
> could at once create, with a magician's eloquence,
> nothing from something, or something from nothing:
> as, out of the untouched piano,
> a shabby chord, a threadbare tune, the banal air
> squealing from the midnight juke-box, where,
> at the corner saloon, over the tepid beer,
> you sit and stare—

It is all there, it is inevitable; yet the mind is fascinated by it, not compelled, not possessed. It has the quality of supreme improvisation, a grace and truth that beguile us without quite touching the heart. A falling short, maybe; if so, it is happening at a level that few of our poets have even dreamed of.

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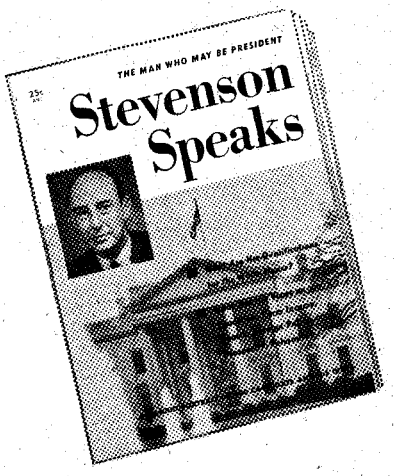

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Architecture and Rhetoric

by Hilton Kramer

As an architect Frank Lloyd Wright is one of the great American stylists, an artist who succeeded in making out of the American experience a conception which was at the same time radically common-sensical and truly visionary. In this respect the contemporary he most resembles is William Carlos Williams; both men have sought an American language, unadorned by received ideas about culture. "Culture," insofar as it means inherited European ideas about art, is exactly what they have tried to eliminate from their respective arts. Wright projects in his houses the kind of structure which inevitably stands as an indictment of other architectural ideas because it proceeds as if most of the houses which preceded it simply did not exist. In its directness, its lack of decorative rhetoric, and use of native materials, it resembles the imagist precision of Williams' verse.

An American Architecture, by Frank Lloyd Wright, edited by Edgar Kaufmann. (Horizon Press; $10).

As a writer, however, Wright has quite different qualities — an inflated rhetorical style, lacking precision and point, a style incapable of rendering a systematic account of complex ideas, oozing an elephantine egotism. The truth of the matter is that other men have written more interestingly about Wright's work than he has himself— notably Siegfried Giedion — and this new volume, *An American Architecture*, edited by Edgar Kaufmann, does nothing to change that situation or clarify Wright's critical point of view. (The photographs and drawings are another matter.) The book is largely a paste-and-scissors job, assembled from Wright's earlier writings and lectures, covering a wide range of topics but going into none of them deeply enough to make a point which has not been made over and over again in the past (without any real intellectual development).

We are reminded again and again of the beauty and clarity and radical inventiveness of Wright's buildings in the generous illustrations which Mr. Kaufmann has gathered. The force and influence of Wright's "open plan" houses —the whole house seen as a single, continuous space which the architect models (in the sculptural sense) according to its natural functions and for which the environment itself is a kind of natural pedestal—are underscored in these large photographs, drawings and floor plans. (We can perceive too its bowdlerization in the fatuous ranch-style houses which now crowd the American suburbs.) Moreover, it is gratifying to find the only note of humor in this book directed by Wright himself at his most nagging, unsolved problem: the design of interior furniture and decoration. Once Wright had conceived of the house as a continuous space, the objects contained in that space took on a special (i.e., an *architectural*) importance; ". . . it is quite impossible to consider the building as one thing, its furnishings another. . . . " And long ago he remarked, "I have been black and blue in some spot, somewhere, almost all my life from too intimate contact with my own early furniture."

There can be no question that Wright retains his status as the most singular architectural genius in America, but his very singularity now removes him from the atmosphere of group projects, cooperative design and industrial slickness which characterize so much architectural activity today. It would be false to deny that this represents a loss to us; but it would be equally false to deny that Wright has never spoken in a language which lends itself to public dialogue. *An American Architecture* makes clear again that his voice is consumed in a running monologue which defies interruption and which is impervious to the ideas of his contemporaries. In that respect alone his literary and architectural styles would seem to be united.

Notes on Contributors

E. M. FLEISSNER is on the faculty of Wells College. JANE MAYHALL is a young American poet. HUGH HOLMAN teaches at the University of North Carolina. DUDLEY FITTS has just published a translation of Aristophanes' *The Frogs*. HILTON KRAMER is managing editor of *Arts* magazine. F. N. KARMATZ appears frequently in American literary journals.

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TELEVISION

IN 1955, for the first time, TV gross earnings exceeded those of radio. This fact made it necessary for the network prexies to experiment with new programs, and the man responsible for the big change in TV and radio (and who has fallen victim to it) was the much publicized president of NBC, Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr. In one ballyhooed swoop, Weaver turned upside down NBC's stratified system of programming. Probably the primary reason for the NBC change was that NBC-TV had only two of its programs in the top ten: Milton Berle and *Dragnet*. Catching wind of CBS's plan to pit its top shows against NBC's two that were still on top, Weaver in some haste instituted his plan. Realizing that radio was listened to mostly for music and news, he amalgamated these features with some human interest features and interviews in a radio show called *Monitor* (*New Republic*, November 7). The program, which was supposed to go places and do things, while a rather uninspired innovation, created a stir.

In January, with *Monitor* just launched, Weaver turned his full attention to TV. His major points were that live TV had spontaneity and topicality that canned shows did not have. And as a corollary to this, he advocated 90 minute spectaculars to induce fresh writers into the industry.

By the end of January, Weaver prepared the way for *Producers' Showcase* (the spectacular) and at the same time emulated his *Monitor* format in TV with two programs called *Today* and *Tonight*. The idea was to use a network show with periodic local spot ads. What Weaver was trying to prove was that the standard half hour show was TV's biggest risk. To bolster this theory, Weaver added a third program called *Home* to the *Monitor* format.

For anyone who didn't know what he was leading up to, in February Weaver tried to clarify what he was doing by issuing a directive to NBC personnel and any members of the fourth estate who would listen. Weaver called it Operation Twentieth Century—a gospel for enlightenment. The idea was to subtly infuse culture into the non-intellectual program so as not to lose any viewers.

Today, besides the usual entourage of weather reports and window watchers, was to have informative talks by business and professional men. *Home*, besides its helpful housecleaning hints and fashion shows, was to have designers and architects speak about more functional house designs. *Tonight*, besides Steve Allen's wit and song parade, was to have genuine artists. Of course, there were a few other shows like *Howdy Doody*, Roy Rogers, "Tennessee Ernie" Ford, and the soap-sobbers that Weaver couldn't quite explain how he was going to enlighten. The words enlightenment through exposure, however, did circulate.

Yet somehow, by May, NBC's top programs remained unenlightened. Top programs like *Two for the Money, Life of Riley, Hit Parade, I've Got a Secret,* and *Dragnet* were as stagnant as ever. The producers didn't want to sandwich culture into their format as long as the sponsors were satisfied and ratings remained reasonably high. Thus the enlightenment directive was limited to Weaver's own programs.

Then, for want of anything else, Pat Weaver tried a new wrinkle. NBC was going to stimulate new material for TV by putting up several million dollars to develop untried writers; untried apparently meant proven writers outside the TV industry, for well-known novelists and Hollywood scenario writers and a few legit playwrights got most of the capital. The rest went to resuscitated radio writers dragged out of semi-retirement.

By the middle of the year, in spite of the unresponsiveness of the lower echelons, Pat Weaver had the year's best program (*Peter Pan*) on *Producers Showcase*; he had planned a series of 75 other specs (all in color) including Shaw, Shakespeare, Wilder, Puccini, and the Sadler's Wells Ballet production of Tchaikovsky's "The Sleeping Beauty" during 1955—quite an accomplishment considering the fact that TV had done nothing of this sort in ten previous years. The productions were for the most part excellent, even if a particular spectacular was not to one's own taste.

Whatever Weaver expected in the way of audiences, the public lagged in accepting his new doctrine of entertainment, and to complicate his problems, Pat Weaver had to dig up something to compete with the $64,000 freak from CBS. His answer, *The Big Surprise* came off none too well as a competitor of *The $64,000 Question*. The public could stomach only one such show.

More important, however, is that Weaver was out to break an accepted industry pattern which CBS has labeled the "Pattern of Continuity;" that is, the rule that a program must appear at the same time day in and week out. Weaver, partly for the sake of adversity, called his idea of program spacing the "Breakaway." He staged his gee whizzers across the board. But in spite of his reach into various audience categories, by mid-Summer he hadn't caught up with CBS in the trendex rating race. One factor that he hadn't counted on was the emergence of another major TV network. ABC played the role of the spoiler with shows like *Disneyland, The Mickey Mouse Show, Famous Film Festival, Wyatt Earp*, and a series of adult-minded 30 minute documented criminal dramas in key spots. Weaver's error in judgment was in not being able to see the 30 minute show as the mainstay of TV. The 60 and 90 minute shows did not destroy the opposing 30 minute shows; on the contrary, the shorter programs destroyed the stability of the more lavish productions. The only positive sign for prexy Weaver by mid-Summer was that *Monitor* had more space buyers than simultaneous programs on CBS.

Following his pattern of enlightenment by diffusion, Weaver planned a series of matinees in color for the Fall of 1955 at the cost of $100,000 per week. Surprisingly enough, these hour dramas caught on and edged out the chronic soap-sobbers and quizzers. Furthermore, the dramas were and still are excellent in both choice of material and portrayal. Stories by Henry James, Hawthorne, and Edith Wharton have been

Correction

In Kenneth S. Lynn's review of *The American Adam*, by R. W. B. Lewis (*NR*, December 19), we misspelled the names of F. Barron Freeman and Lawrance Thompson, both of which were spelled correctly in Mr. Lynn's manuscript. We also neglected to mention that Mr. Lynn, an associate professor of English at Harvard, is the author of a new book, *The Dream of Success*.

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acted by the best from Hollywood and Broadway.

Still struggling to broaden his enlightened format, Weaver spent his time preparing directives and press releases stating that NBC was going to have more tasteful and fewer ads, higher level children's programs like *Ding Dong School*, folklore for Westerns, and opera anglicized for the masses to enjoy. But with all this effort, by Fall of 1955, Weaver still had but two programs in the trendex top ten, and only one (*Robert Montgomery Presents*) of the two could be considered "enlightened." Reaction: a series of gimmick shows and the signing up of personalities like Leo Durocher and Margaret Truman who have little to do but appear and be themselves.

NBC, for the first time in its TV history, at the end of this Fall quarter, did not have a single show in the trendex top ten, although in all fairness it must be said that there were a majority of NBC shows over anyone else's in the top 30. Some of NBC's biggest productions didn't even make this. Yet Weaver persisted in thinking that "it is through TV that we can expect to answer the charge that ours is an empty society without interest in the better things of life." It is rather paradoxical that the press has shown very little respect for Weaver's cultural efforts. Between the lack of popular enthusiasm and the antipathy of unenlightened press critics, Pat Weaver fought in vain. On December 7, 1955, in polite terms, Weaver was removed as NBC president and sent upstairs to the office of Board Chairman. Weaver is young and able, and perhaps his creative attempt at enlightenment in NBC has not yet come to an end. But his "promotion" at least raises the question.

F. N. KARMATZ

"A Brilliant Comedy" Atkinson Times
"THE FIRST PLAY OF THE SEASON YOU WILL WANT TO GO BACK TO SEE AGAIN."
—Hewes, Saturday Review
"REAL WIT."—Gibbs, The New Yorker
GLADYS COOPER SIOBHAN McKENNA
THE CHALK GARDEN
A New Play by ENID BAGNOLD
with
PERCY WARAM FRITZ WEAVER MARIAN SELDES
and
BETSY von FURSTENBERG
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CORRESPONDENCE

► The School Emergency

SIRS:

Michael Straight's "Schools: US Emergency" (*NR*, Dec. 12) combines some valuable reporting with occasional curious assumptions regarding secondary education.

I am a member of the "narrow group of administrators and educationists" who control the curriculum of the secondary schools. In spite of my presumptive lack of interest in "fundamental intellectual disciplines," I was able to spot an error in scholarship in Mr. Straight's article. He is disturbed because "since 1900 the percentage of students enrolled in a given subject in high school has declined from 84 to 54 in the sciences, from 86 to 55 percent in mathematics, and from 73 to 22 percent in foreign languages."

What do these figures mean unless they are considered along with the fact that only 11 percent of the 14-17 year olds were attending high school in 1900, while 75 percent are in school today? Are we to assume that all boys and girls have the aptitude and interest to succeed in mastering courses which were originally designed for a select group of college-bound students? 50 years of psychological and educational research say that such an assumption is wrong.

College professors were complaining in 1900 that the secondary schools weren't producing the quality of student the colleges would prefer. Certainly our secondary schools need constant re-evaluation. The direction in which schools sometimes proceed after careful study, however, is quite different from that which the *New Republic's* editor assumes to be correct. I would invite Mr. Straight to visit some schools, including ours, to see what really goes on.

At the moment I am not so concerned over one more magazine article which takes passing shots at my profession as I am over my own feelings toward the *New Republic*. For some 20 years I have read *NR* with the belief that it was helping to keep a balance in American journalism, through factual reporting and thoughtful interpretations. Now I am faced with this question: Are the writers of articles on politics and socio-economic problems as inadequately informed in their fields as Michael Straight appears to be in the field of secondary education?

HARRY T. GUMAER, *Principal*
Thomas Jefferson High School
Fair Lawn, New Jersey

. . .

SIRS:

Teaching for nine years in four different sorts of high schools in four states I've seen splendidly educated instructors leave their classrooms for reasons not mentioned in the reports on the recent White House conference (*NR*, December 12).

Pay checks aren't big enough to represent an adequate return upon our investment in degrees, of course. (The buying power of teachers in Idaho, for instance, is less than it was in 1940.) It is no wonder that the really bright youngsters decide to be anything else than another harried, underpaid pedagogue! But another factor in their decisions . . . is the behavior of the students themselves.

All American classrooms aren't like the ones in *Blackboard Jungle*, but entirely too large a percentage of the students in them behave like understudies for the cast of that film.

Teachers are generally restricted in the use of punishment, may not even rebuke or use sarcasm, and the students take full advantage of the situation. More than one student has complained to me that in such and such a class he received no instruction in English or science for a whole year or more because teachers had to spend all their time on discipline.

Expulsion is, of course, the answer. But the teacher or administrator who attempts to rid class or school of troublemakers is balked by parents who "pay taxes." Usually the troublemaker returns worse than ever, and the teacher begins to look for a job where he will be allowed to work in dignified or congenial surroundings.

Students who cannot or will not make progress measurable on standardized testing programs don't belong in our overcrowded high schools. They gain little by being there, and they slow down the whole group. Most would be better off on a job. A British Exchange

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teacher remarked to a group of Denver area teachers that her country couldn't follow our plan of attempting to educate the very dull and unruly students because her country felt it was in a struggle for survival and had to develop the brain power of its gifted youth to win. I wonder how long *we* can continue it. Can we afford this expensive baby-sitting service in our schools at the expense of sound learning and a huge turnover of teachers? Shouldn't the secondary schools be reserved for those who can benefit from instruction? Must they continue to be custodial institutions operated to "keep the kids off the street and out of the reform school?"

GLADYS R. MESSEX

Curtis, Nebraska

• • •

SIRS:

My basic disagreement with Mr. Straight would fall, I believe, in the emphasis he places on the results in terms of probable federal government action. To be sure, one of the purposes of the conference was to find through a "welling up" process what the people believed to be the responsibilities of the several units of government, including the federal. As a base for this, the participants brought experiences from more than 3,000 smaller conferences back home.

Too, I think his interpretation of the effectiveness of the "distilling" process was based on small and very likely vocal dissenters rather than on the great groups of delegates.

F. E. ENGLEMAN
Commissioner of Education
State of Connecticut

Hartford, Conn.

• • •

SIRS:

Michael Straight's piece was really very good. I thought he caught the strengths and weaknesses of the conference very exactly.

JOHN HERSEY

Southport, Conn.

• • •

SIRS:

It was a most enjoyable experience to page through Mr. Straight's summary and I think he captured the flavor of the very unusual sessions.

F. G. HOCHWALT
The National Catholic Educational Association

Washington, D. C.

► Grover Cleveland & Woodrow Wilson

SIRS:

Mr. Walter Lippmann's article ("Woodrow Wilson's Approach to Politics," *NR*, Dec. 5) attracted considerable interest here at Bryn Mawr College, where a centennial conference on "Woodrow Wilson and the World of Today" will take place on January 5th and 6th.

In his article, Mr. Lippmann recalled Woodrow Wilson's well-known admiration for President Grover Cleveland, and added his guess that it was Cleveland's example of executive leadership which caused Wilson "to see the problem of Congressional government in a new light." However, Mr. Lippmann carefully warned his readers "that there is no hard fact known to me, no letter of Wilson's for example, which supports my hypothesis that he was influenced by the candidacy of Cleveland."

Perhaps Mr. Lippmann and your readers might be interested in the following quotation taken from an article by Woodrow Wilson which appeared in the *Boston Times*, Sunday, September 26, 1886, entitled "Wanted, —a Party." Wrote Wilson:

> . . . My chief reflection has been, not that our national parties are in a state of disintegration; that is not a reflection. It is a mere patent fact. But that such a course of things is tending, so to say, to *individualize* our politics is a reflection, and one which seems worth exploring at large.
>
> First, let me explain what I mean by the individualizing of our politics. I mean simply that the voter who exercises any choice at all, is being obliged to choose *men*, particular individuals, to tie to, instead of parties. Of course the conscientious voter always chose between men, between candidates in voting; but formerly he could choose them as representing parties. Now he must choose them instead of parties. The feeling is: "No party means what it says; some men do seem to mean what they say; we will tie to them when we can." The last Presidential election of course furnishes the most striking illustration of the operation of this feeling. The mugwump is the man who has cast loose from parties, which don't mean what they say, and offers to follow men who do speak with a purpose. Mr. Cleveland is a Democrat. But he was not elected because he was a Democrat, but because the civil service of the country needed reforming, and he evidently meant to reform it, if given a chance. A man of that sort in the presidential chair would be worth any number of party platforms; a great number of discriminating voters accordingly followed him in preference to any party, —"irrespective of party," to use the orthodox phrase.
>
> Mr. Cleveland's case was only a conspicuous one, however; it was not isolated. There is a yearly increasing number of mayors, governors, and congressmen holding their offices because of personal qualities or opinions pleasing to constituencies who do not stop to ask, in choosing them, whether the parties they formally represent possess like qualities or opinions.

Without contriving to make too much out of the foregoing quotation, it does suggest nevertheless, as Mr. Lippmann imagined, that Cleveland indeed provided a vivid example of the kind of leadership which Woodrow Wilson himself would assert first at Princeton University, later as governor of New Jersey, and finally as President of the United States.

ARTHUR P. DUDDEN

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

► Old Dog Tray

SIRS:

Who is Old Dog Tray, mentioned in Gerald W. Johnson's "The Superficial Aspect" in your issue of December 12?

TERRY JOHNSON

New York, N. Y.

In Noah Webster's compendium of virtue and learning popularly known—or once known—as *The Blue-Back Speller* the story is told that Old Dog Tray, the household pet, committed the indiscretion of running with a pack of sheep-killing curs; and when he complained of being stoned along with the rest, the farmer delivered an edifying discourse on the error of choosing evil companions. To think that people no longer recognize an allusion to the Blue-Back! *Eheu fugaces!*—and if anyone inquires, that is Latin for " 'You are old, Father William,' the young man cried."

Gerald W. Johnson

Baltimore, Md.

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